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ADDRESS.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, with the present Number commences its second annual course. For the unexampled favour with which it has been received by the Public, we offer our grateful acknowledgments. It set out, and has been conducted, on rigidly independent and impartial principles: these principles; the novelty, and we trust we may, without the imputation of inordinate vanity, add, the utility of the design; and the diligent mode in which it has been carried into execution, have been rewarded beyond our utmost hopes. Holding at the close of its first year an acknowledged and honourable rank in the periodical Literature of Great Britain, its increased circulation has been, and shall only be, converted into an engine for its improvement; and we firmly trust, that it will very speedily realize the most sanguine prospect of its friends, in effectually promoting the interests of Learning and of the Arts; while it forms at the same time an agreeable relaxation from severer studies, and a record of the times, in all that distinguishes one era of the world from another.

In what may be called the business part of this Address, we shall be very brief. It will appear from this Publication, that we have made some new arrangements in the manner of printing. The advertisements, here confined to literature and the arts, and limited to two pages, are displayed in a way calculated to secure them from that neglect which they too often experience in journals of a more mixed character; and we hesitate not to say, that the numbers of our weekly impression, even without considering the rank and literary character of the classes among whom it is read, render the *Literary Gazette* inferior to no newspaper whatever, as a medium for the dissemination of such announcements.

To those who have neglected to complete their Sets, we beg to intimate, that though some of the early Numbers are out of print, yet the QUARTERLY PARTS may be had from the commencement, at the Publishers, or any Book-sellers or News-venders.

VOL. II.

It may also be interesting to our readers to know, that, commencing with the present Number, this Journal will be printed by Messrs. Bensleys' Patent Machine, an inventive improvement in the art of Printing which reflects honour on the present age, and exhibits a proof of the progress of the art of ingenious mechanism in this country. In this respect our Journal will enjoy an advantage over all other weekly papers, being the first ever printed by a steam-engine, and we shall thus be enabled to publish at a very early hour on the Saturday morning.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Anecdotes of the Life of RICHARD WATSON, Bishop of Landaff: Written by himself at different intervals, and Revised in 1814. 4to. pp. 551.

SINCERELY do we wish that the well-earned celebrity of the author of this work, its own character, and the attention it has so generally excited, did not force us to bring it under the regard of our readers. But we still more sincerely wish that it had never been published; for to us it conveys a melancholy picture of much frailty, united with great ability, and the portrait of an individual, who, for many reasons, we could have desired more perfectly to esteem, deteriorated by his own hand, and by the pious, but mistaken partiality of his son, the editor of this volume. *Revised*, it is too evident a great portion of it written at the age of 75, it is lamentable to think that the soundness of more vigorous years has not been exercised in correcting the errors of garrulous senility which deform these pages, and teach those who admire, also to pity the late Bishop of Landaff.

That this book is curious and entertaining, is true; but we are sorry to have our curiosity so gratified—we are sorry to be entertained at the expense of the author of the Apology for the Bible.

That this book is instructing too, no rational being will deny: but, alas! that our instruction should be this,—Read, and learn that the strongest

mind is not exempt from the most contemptible weaknesses; that of one of the most upright men, as of the world, it may justly be said, "All is vanity;" and that such is the self-delusion of mankind, they utterly deceive themselves in themselves, and can fancy subornness independence; and discontent patriotism, and resentment virtue, and folly wisdom, and conceitedness magnanimity, and indiscretion purity, when they come to cast a retrospect over the events of their own lives.

The unassuming of Dr. Watson's actions, and the bar to his more prosperous fortunes, appears, on his own showing, to have been the most inordinate opinion of his own genius and importance. A man of great talent, of much learning, of acute judgment, of comprehensive mind, of unwearyed perseverance in the attainment of knowledge, and of extraordinary powers in the application of his attainments to the use and instruction of his fellow-creatures; this volume compels us to acknowledge, that all these gifts may be perverted by overweening egotism, and blessings of nature turned into barrenness, by that single feebleness of humanity, which we imagine is strength, and call pride.

Richard Watson was educated at Haversham, where his father had previously been master of the Grammar School. With an exhibition of 50l. he went from this establishment to Cambridge, and in Jan. 1759, took his Bachelor's degree at Trinity College. In 1762 he became M.A.; was elected Professor of Chemistry in 1764; and in 1771, Regius Professor of Divinity. In the room of Dr. Rutherford, deceased. His other academic honours, as Wrangler, Tutor, and Moderator; did equal justice to his zeal and abilities; and the ardour of his character may be estimated by the fact, that when he became candidate for the Chemical Chair, he "knew nothing at all of chemistry; had never read a syllable on the subject, nor seen a single experiment in it; but was tired with mathematics and natural philosophy, and stimulated by the vehement *gloria cupido*, to try his strength in a new pursuit, and animated by the kindness of the University to extraordinary exertions;" and

when he stood for and carried the Regius Professorship, neither a Bachelor nor Doctor of Divinity, which he says, "puzzled me for a moment: I had only seven days to transact the business in; but by hard travelling, and some adroitness, I accomplished my purpose, obtained the king's mandate for a doctor's degree, and was created a doctor on the day previous to that appointed for the examination of the candidates."

Though Dr. Watson's diligence soon made him an accomplished chemist, it is a no less remarkable trait of Cambridge characteristics to elect a man to instruct others in a science of which he himself was utterly ignorant: of the divinity appointment we say nothing, as our author seems only to regret that he was not a good prosodist, and we take it for granted he had no other deficiencies, to render him ineligible for that important station.

His "constitution" (we have said it was ardent) being, as he informs us, page 44, "ill fitted for celibacy," Dr. W. thought it better to marry than burn, and on the 21st of December 1773 espoused, at Lancaster, Miss Wilson, the eldest daughter of Edward Wilson, Esq. of Dallum Tower, Westmoreland, and the day after set out to take possession of a sinecure rectory in North Wales, procured for him by the Duke of Grafton, which he afterwards exchanged for a prebend in the church of Ely. In July, 1782, he was, through the Duke of Rutland's interest, promoted to the bishopric of Landaff by Lord Shelburne, who at that period succeeded to the administration, vacant by the death of Lord Rockingham. This was the top of his preferment, and as richer bishopricks passed away from his ambition, and were given to other, younger, and probably less learned competitors, he soured and became discontented; blamed by turns the King, the Queen, Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, or whoever was minister at the time, for overlooking his transcendent merit, and bestowing their favours on more pliant divines, and more subservient partizans, whom they pretend to choose for their orthodoxy and agreement in principles.

Fretted, but not subdued, Dr. Watson took an active part in the politics of the day; too active, as we think, for a dignitary of the church. Not only did he write anonymously in the journals, and utter pamphlets from the press;

not only did he frame petitions and addresses; not only did he deliver speeches in the House and stir in elections; but even his diocesan charges and episcopal functions were tinged with party politics, and man, peer, and bishop, were alike whig—whig. Had we not most distinctly stated our sentiments in reviewing a tory-sermon, that of Mr. Bates at St. Paul's (*Literary Gazette*, page 310) we should refrain on this occasion from declaring how much we disapprove of mingling politics with religion; the wrangling of men with the worship of God. In this respect the spiritual merged in the temporal with Dr. W. and he paints himself rather as the sturdy citizen, obstinate and disputations for his rights, than as the meek churchman, not neglectful of his privileges as a Briton, but holding even these secondary to his holier offices as a Christian teacher, whose views extended beyond this sphere, and all its petty passions, and whose paramount duty to his brethren it was to

"Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Dr. Horsley called Dr. Hoadley "a republican bishop:" a great reproach; for unless a bishop meddled more with such things than became his situation, he would not be liable even to a false imputation of this kind. Dr. Watson disclaims being a republican, but loudly asserts his being a reformer, a lover of the revolution, a Liberal, and a hearty whig.

The late Mr. Luther, M. P. for Essex, having in 1764 quarrelled with and separated from his wife, Dr. Watson hastened to Paris after his friend, and succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation. This was afterwards remembered in Mr. Luther's Will, by which the bishop was enriched to the amount of 20,000*l.* In disgust with the unavailing pursuit of higher dignities, upon this sum, and the limited revenues of Landaff, Dr. W. applied himself to agriculture, and was very successful in the cultivation of trees, and other experiments on a considerable scale, by which he added handsomely to his income. He again and again protests that he has relinquished politics; but still on every occasion we find him volunteering advice to the ministers, and either piqued at the little attention sometimes paid to his suggestions, or taking to himself great praise for having originated in this way measures of much consequence, which in the course

of years were carried into effect. This is ludicrous enough in P. P. Clerk of the Parish, "and as I said, lo! so did they;" but in such a man as the Bishop of Landaff it is literally astonishing. We could not credit it upon any authority but his own; the authority of the most unlimited egotism that was ever linked to sterling and exalted powers of mind.

This overweening foible breaks out on every instance. The late Mr. Cumberland wrote a pamphlet in answer to a publication of Dr. Watson's (*Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury*), of which he says:—

"But he knew nothing of the subject, and misrepresented my design. He laid himself so open in every page of his performance, that, could I have condescended to answer him, I should have made him sick of writing pamphlets for the rest of his life."

This was in 1782; but in proof how sore Cumberland's despised pamphlets made him, we have them frequently noticed with signal displeasure, and even in 1806 they are not forgotten. In a letter to Mr. Hayley of 14th June, in the latter year, he says,

"You have cut up Cumberland with skill, without dirtying yourself by the nasty operation. What he may have said of me, I have no curiosity to know, as I am certain that I shall never be at the trouble of either correcting his misapprehensions, or refuting his malignity. I am aware that many years ago, he wrote two pamphlets against me, or rather against my political principles; for I had no personal acquaintance with him, and therefore could not have offended him. On reading one of these two productions, I sat down to answer it; but I soon found that I was heating myself with cudgelling a dwarf, and, disdaining such a miserable occupation, I threw my weapons into the fire, and left him to sleep in peace."

This is a sinister compliment to Mr. Hayley, who is commended as a dexterous combatant in cutting up his equal the "dwarf." But Dr. Watson is never prone to put any person's talents in competition with his own. All those who argue against him are mere flimsy Lilliputians, and he is the very Gulliver of politics and literature. Paley is tolerably clever, but his ethics and politics only so-so; Mr. Pitt a man of a "little and revengeful mind," (page 238); Lord Eldon (who neglected to answer one of the Bishop's letters) of very limited capacity; Dr. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, (guilty of the same fault) wife-ridden, and of no abilities; and, in short, every being, who either opposed, or alighted, or dif-

ferred from the infallible Bishop of Landaff, were ignorant, or venal, or weak. It is to be confessed, however, that he is not invariably consistent in these opinions. It was immediately after the Bishopric of Durham was disposed of, contrary to his application to Mr. Pitt, that the latter is spoken of in the illiberal manner we have quoted: elsewhere (page 429) the Bishop says, "I always had a regard for him," and "I knew that his talents and disinterestedness merited my esteem, and that of every impartial man!!"

Similar inconsistency appears on many of the subjects which are broached in these anecdotes. Neither on the Catholic question, on the Irish Union, on the French Revolution, nor on other important topics, is there that uniformity of sentiment which we expected from so able a reasoner. But the truth is, that with all Dr. W.'s boasts of sturdy independence, it is clear that his passions operated strongly at different periods, as he hoped for, or was disappointed in promotion, in affecting his views of men and things. Though he tells us, indecorously enough,

"I had not the usual prudence, shall I call it, or selfish caution, of my profession, at any time of life. *Ortus a quercu non a salice*, I knew not how to lend my principles to the circumstances of the times."

We do not observe that he missed many opportunities of urging his claim to vacant Sees, Durham, Carlisle, Chester, Bangor, or Canterbury; and in a man whose 'profession' was the gospel ministry, we hold the above inuendo to be as illiberal as it is unjust. The present Bench of Bishops, many of whom have risen over Dr. Watson and provoked his spleen, affords as eminent examples of worth, learning, and piety, as ever graced the annals of the Protestant Church, and such a sneer only recoils with discredit on the head of its author.

We cannot see without pain the name of a person so respectable in other points, connected not only with such imputations as this, but with vulgar insinuations respecting our revered Monarch, his exemplary Queen, and much that is venerable both in individuals and Institutions. It is reported that the editor (the Rev. Richard Watson) has blotted a great deal: does he not now wish that he had blotted more, and not have afforded so much matter for prurient faction to quote and revel in?

(To be continued.)

Narrative of my Captivity in Japan, during the years 1811, 1812, and 1813; with Observations on the Country and the People. By CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. &c. &c.

Of Japan so little is truly known, that nothing can be published respecting that Empire which is not interesting. This work is eminently so; for to the abundant notices it contains of Japanese laws, manners, and customs, it joins the most affecting narrative of the adventures and sufferings of the author and his companions in captivity, than which romance of real life, no story ever coined by the brain, can lay a more irresistible hold on the attention and feelings of the reader. The Eastern colouring of the scenery, and characteristics of the actors greatly enhance the novelty and charm of this eventful history; and the air of fiction which belongs to the extraordinary circumstances of which it is composed is advantageously contrasted with its truth, carrying conviction with every particular, and with the simplicity of a relation at once extraordinary and unquestionable.

It appears that the Emperor of Russia attempted to open a commercial intercourse with Japan, in 1803, through the negotiation of the Chamberlain Resanoff, which ended in a prohibition from that jealous government, forbidding all Russian vessels to approach the coasts of Japan. Resanoff afterwards sailed to America in one of the American Company's ships, commanded by Lieut. Chwostoff, and died soon after his return to Okotzk. This Chwostoff seems to have been a bad subject: he sailed again, and without provocation attacked and plundered several Japanese villages on the coasts of the Kurile Islands, thus widening the misunderstanding which already existed between the countries. Of this breach Captain Golownin was the unfortunate victim. Having received orders to visit the southern Kurile Islands, some of which are in the possession of the Japanese, he sailed in the Diana sloop, and on the 17th of June, 1811, arrived off the northern extremity of Eetoorpoo, where some communication took place with the inhabitants, who induced the Russians to sail for Oorbeetah, under the hope of obtaining water and provisions. At Eetoorpoo they saw a toiaa, or chief, of that singular aboriginal race of these islands, the Hairy Kuriles, and about

fifty of these sorely oppressed people, whose bodies are entirely covered with short hairs, and whom their Japanese conquerors use like the beasts, which, in this covering, they resemble. From this island they sailed to the eastern coast of Ooroop, and encountering contrary winds for some time, on the 4th of July they reached the Straits between Matsmai and Kimaschier, into the harbour of the latter of which they entered on the following morning. It would extend this sketch far beyond the limits we prescribe for it, were we to enter into a detail of all the transactions which ensued between Captain Golownin and the Japanese. Suffice it to say, that he, with two officers, (Mr. Moor, a midshipman, and Mr. Chlebnikoff, a pilot,) four sailors, and a Russian Kurile named Alexei, in all eight persons, were enticed on shore to a conference, surrounded by armed men, seized, tied with ropes, and marched prisoners up the country. The senior officer on board the Diana, Lieut. Ricord, could do nothing to relieve his companions, thus treacherously entrapped, and returned to Okotzk to devise with the Russian governor the means for their deliverance. Meanwhile, bound in the cruellest manner, with cords round their breasts and necks, their elbows almost constrained to touch, and their hands firmly manacled together, from all which fastenings a string, held by a Japanese keeper, proceeded, who could in an instant tighten the nooses to helplessness or strangulation, these unfortunate men were marched for fifty days, till they reached a prison at a city called Chakodale. Thence, after being confined some time, they were transported to Matsmai, where they were literally imprisoned in large cages. Here they underwent daily and protracted examinations of the strangest nature; but their treatment became gradually ameliorated: their food was better, they were removed under a guard to a house, and were frequently allowed to walk for exercise and health. Despairing of being restored to their country, on the 20th of April an attempt at escape was made by all but Moor and Alexei. The fugitives underwent incredible hardships, and after ten days wandering were retaken, and carried back to their cages. They received, however, no further ill-treatment: and the conduct of the government of Japan is painted, in all the prior and subsequent pro-

ceedings, as a very curious mixture of severity and kindness; always equable, and always suspicious, aiming at the discovery of the motives of Russia, through investigations the most patient, persevering, and cunning; immovable in adhering to established forms and laws; but withal doing every thing, consistent with the security of their prisoners, to render their loss of liberty as consoling as possible. Some of these matters will be further explained in our extracts: and we hasten to wind up the narrative, by stating, that at the end of two years and two months, the negotiations between Siberia and Japan, conducted by the friendly zeal of Lieut. Ricord, were brought to a successful issue, the affair of Chwostoff was satisfactorily accounted for, and Captain Golownin and his comrades restored to their families and country.

The chief part of the facts related in these volumes, being detached from the thread of the main story, which details the proceedings of the Japanese authorities, and the behaviour of the prisoners, it will not be easy to preserve any very regular connexion in those points which we select as best calculated to illustrate the peculiar habits and situation of this country; but if the mass furnishes, as we think it will, a lively picture of what is most worthy of observation, we trust the matter will be an apology for the manner.

Among the Japanese customs, it is one not the least singular, to cover all their fortification outside with cloth, as if to dress the walls for war. White, black, and dark blue striped hangings, conceal entirely the nature of these defences. Their guns are few, and in bad condition; and their gunpowder of an inferior quality. The dress, &c. of the officers and soldiers may be gathered from the following:

"I had not long to wait for the governor (of Kimaschier, the person who managed their seizure): he soon appeared, completely armed, and accompanied by two soldiers, one of whom carried his long spear, and the other his cap, or helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. In other respects it somewhat resembled the crowns which are occasionally worn at nuptial-ceremonies in Russia. It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked: his eyes were cast down and fixed upon the earth, his hands pressed close against his sides; he besides proceeded at so slow a pace, that he scarcely extended one foot beyond the

other, and kept his feet as wide apart as though a stream of water had been running betwixt them."

The next visit on shore was the fatal one of the 11th of July:—

"We proceeded to the castle. On entering the gate, I was astonished at the number of men I saw assembled there. Of soldiers alone, I observed from three to four hundred, armed with muskets, bows and arrows, and spears, sitting in a circle, in an open space to the right: on the left a countless multitude of Kuriles surrounded a tent of striped cotton cloth, erected about thirty paces from the gate.

"We were soon introduced into the tent, on a seat opposite to the entrance of which the governor had placed himself. He wore a rich silk dress, with a complete suit of armour, and had two sabres under his girdle. A long cord of white silk passed over his shoulder; at one end of this cord was a tassel of the same material, and at the other a steel baton, which he held in his hand, and which was doubtless the symbol of his authority. His armour-bearers, one holding a spear, another a musket, and a third his helmet, sat behind him on the floor. The helmet resembled that of the second officer, with this difference, that instead of the moon, it bore the image of the sun. This officer now sat on the left of the governor (the left is the seat of honour among the Japanese), on a seat somewhat lower; he too had his armour-bearers behind him. Four officers were sitting cross-legged on the floor on each side of the tent; they wore black armour, and had each two sabres. On our entrance, the governor and lieutenant-governor both rose up; we saluted them in our own manner, and they returned the compliment."

The entertainment consisted of tea, pipes and tobacco, rice, fish with a green sauce, and other savoury dishes; and concluded, as we have mentioned, with the seizure of the too unsuspicious guests. At other places we find even the common soldiers clothed in rich silks, and their chiefs sometimes holding a sort of balance, as the symbol of authority. The captain of the guard on the prisoners, in approaching one of these upon the march, knelt down, and continued long in conversation, with his head inclined towards the earth.

"Old men are usually appointed to the rank which corresponds with that of a sergeant or corporal. They are styled kumino-kagahra, or rice commissaries, because their business chiefly consists in receiving rice from the magazines, and dealing it out among the soldiers; for in Japan, a portion of the soldier's pay is given in rice. In Matsmai, and on the Kurile islands, they receive a small sum of money along with the rice.

A number of their domestic habits are described by Captain Golownin, from whose notes we copy the annexed:

"The Japanese beds consist, according to the circumstances of the owners, of large silken or cotton quilts; these quilts are lined with thick wadding, which is taken out previous to their being washed. The Japanese fold thin coverlets double, and spread them on the floor, which, even in the humblest cottages, is covered with beautiful soft straw mats. On retiring to rest, they wrap themselves in large night-dresses, with short full sleeves; these are likewise either of cotton or silk, and are thickly wadded. Instead of pillows, they make use of pieces of wood, carved in various forms. The common people place under their heads a piece of round wood, hollow at one end, and from custom, sleep as soundly on this as on the softest pillow. The higher, or richer class, make use of a very neat box, about eleven inches high, to the lid of which an oval cushion is affixed, from six to eight inches in length, and from two to three in breadth. The box contains articles which they make use of at the toilette, such as razors, scissors, pomatum, tooth-brushes, powder, &c."

They are a diminutive race of people, and, with very few exceptions, the Russians, though only middle-sized men, looked like giants among them. They eat no meat, and their caution in every business of life bespeaks a degree of timidity which may be denominated cowardice. The whole population, and particularly the women, of whom we hear very little, contemplated the prisoners with pity and compassion. From different individuals, and from their guards, they experienced many a secret kindness. Ten, comfits, fruits, sugar, and saki, or saki, the wine of Japan, were often privately administered to their wants.

"The Japanese have tea of native growth, both black and green: the former is, however, very bad; it is like the Chinese tea only in colour, but bears no resemblance to it in taste or smell. The Japanese constantly drink it both warm and cold, without sugar, as the Russians do kivas: as for the green tea, they drink it seldom, and as a luxury. They previously roast or heat it at the fire, in paper canisters, until the vapour issuing from it has a very strong smell; it is then thrown into a copper teakettle, containing boiling water, and thus acquires a particular flavour, of which the Japanese are very fond, though it proved most disagreeable to us: they have no loaf sugar. Muscovado of the best sort is brought them by the Dutch; * it is sold in

* They call the Dutch "Orando," and the Cape of Good Hope "Kabo."

little baskets, and very dear. They have brown sugar of their own, but it is very dirty, dark-coloured, and by no means sweet. They seldom drink sugar with their tea; but prefer eating it by itself. They usually take a spoonful in one hand, and eat it like little children. When we offered our guards any of the sugar which had been offered to us in presents, they always refused it with awkward reverences; but no sooner did we fall asleep, than they ate it all up by stealth.

"The Japanese, instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, make use of pieces of paper. The richer class make use of a very fine kind of paper; the poor, on the contrary, use very coarse." [Our prisoners wrote on the pocket-handkerchiefs which were given them.]

"The Japanese neither make use of spoons nor forks, but eat their victuals with two slender reeds. Food of a fluid nature they sip out of the dish, as we do tea.

"The fruits, such as apples, common pears, and bergamots, were not yet perfectly ripe (in August we believe); but they suited the taste of the Japanese, who are extremely fond of acids. In the yard of our house (at Matsmai) there was a peach tree loaded with fruit, but they plucked all the peaches before they were ripe, and ate them, occasionally giving us some. We could eat them only when they were baked; but the Japanese devoured them with a voracious appetite, either raw or baked.

"The Japanese have no looking-glasses. Their metal mirrors are, however, so exquisitely polished, that they are scarcely inferior to the finest glass."

"Wood is the only article used for building in Japan. The Japanese, however, declare that they can build with stone as well as other nations; but they are prevented from so doing on account of the violent earthquakes."

One of these happened while the Russians were at Matsmai.

Their interiors are generally splendid, the large rooms being divided by screens of paper, or wood richly gilded, carved, and adorned with landscapes, &c. like the boxes and cabinets which are imported into Europe. The floors of the great are covered with finely wrought tapestry.

"The Japanese burn a fire on the hearth from morning till evening, both in winter and summer: men and women sit round the fire and smoke tobacco. The kettles are never off the fire, as tea is their common beverage for quenching thirst; if they have no tea, they drink warm water, but never taste cold; even their sagi they like better warm than cold.

"They neither wear boots nor shoes, but make, with plaited straw or grass, a kind of sandals."

These are taken off on entering the apartments of the higher ranks; as were also the boots of the prisoners on

such occasions. On one of their visits to the bunyo, or governor of the city of Matsmai, their escort also left their swords and daggers at the door of the inner court. The bunyo on entering was preceded by a person

"In an ordinary dress, who came forward, kneeled down, placed the palms of his hands on the floor, and bowed his head. The bunyo was in a common black dress, on the sleeves of which, as is the custom with all the Japanese, his armorial bearings were embroidered; he had a dagger at his girdle, and his sabre was carried by one of his suite; he held the weapon near the extremity with the handle upward; but a cloth was wrapped round the part which he grasped, to prevent his naked hand from coming in contact with it.

"Playing at cards and draughts are very common amusements among the Japanese. They are fond of playing for money, and will stake their last piece upon a game. They were taught to play at cards by the Dutch sailors, who were allowed free intercourse with the inhabitants, and in Nangasack were permitted to visit taverns, and women of a certain character; who in Japan carry on their trade of prostitution under the protection of the laws. The cards were at first known to the Japanese by their European names, and there were fifty-two in a pack. Owing, however, to the pecuniary losses, and fatal disputes to which card-playing gave rise, that amusement was strictly prohibited in Japan. In order to evade the law, the Japanese invented a pack of forty-eight cards, which are much smaller than ours, and which are generally used. Their game at draughts is extremely complicated and difficult. They make use of a very large draughtboard and 400 men, which they move about in many different directions, and which are liable to be taken in various ways."

The Russian sailors taught them the European game, which speedily became general.

We must here close our remarks for the present, reserving for our next number the extracts which develop the state of learning, the division of time, the punishments, the commerce, and the opinions of this retired and singular people.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

No publication is so well calculated to afford an accurate view of the highest branches of Foreign Literature, as the *Journal des Savans*, and we now proceed to execute a purpose we announced some time ago, of laying before the British public a careful analysis and notice of its contents. This plan we shall continue from time to time, as the subject matter requires, and we

trust that, added to our general intelligence from other sources, in Germany, France, Italy, and the northern countries of Europe, we shall thus be enabled to supply our readers with as ample accounts of contemporary foreign literature as their curiosity or taste require.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR NOVEMBER, 1817.

Art. I. *Lord Holland's Lives and Writings of Lopez de Vega, and Guillenne Castro*, reviewed by M. Raynouard.

(First Extract.)

Lopez de Vega enjoyed during his life such a great and extensive reputation, that he cannot be compared in this respect with any modern author. Yet notwithstanding the enthusiastic admiration felt for him and his works by the Spaniards, they have not handed down to us those details which are so precious in the eyes of succeeding generations; who, while enjoying the works of a great author, are eager to be informed respecting his private life and character. Perhaps the enthusiasm of his contemporaries led them to imagine that it was neither necessary nor possible to add to the esteem of the public by such details. The greater part of his works has never been printed, and what has been printed has never been united in a complete collection. It was not till 1776 that the Spaniards proposed to publish by subscription a collection of the select works of Lopez in 21 volumes in 4to. and these do not contain his theatrical works. The editor had promised a biographical memoir, and an historical and critical catalogue of the author's productions, but it seems that he has not redeemed his pledge.

A part of this debt of the Spanish nation has been paid by Lord Holland, in the first part of the present work. The success of the first edition, published some years ago, has induced the author in this new edition, to insert a similar essay on the Life and Writings of Guillen de Castro. But as the first part has been so long before the British public, and M. Raynouard reserves his remarks on the second part for another article, we shall be very brief. We cannot but observe with pleasure the justice which the French critic does to the noble author. He seems to think that Lord Holland has in two or three places not quite done justice to Lopez. Though his Lordship calls the "*Jerusalem Conquistada*," the weakest of Lopez's works, and that which has been the least successful; yet, says M. R. this important poem, which has gone through several editions, merited perhaps more details from the judicious writer, who employs his talents to determine the title of Lopez to the esteem of posterity.

M. R. examines the extract given by Lord H. of the tragedy of *Estrella de Sevilla*. But his lordship ought to have particularly noticed the genius which the poet has shewn in the scene between Sancho

and Tabera, where the former, having been insidiously led by the king to engage to assassinate the latter, the brother of his mistress Estrella, provokes Tabera to a duel, by contemptuously refusing the hand of his sister, in order that in obeying the king's order, he may act like a brave man, and not a cowardly assassin.

This work, which fills up a chasm in the literary history of Spain, (thus M. R. concludes) is distinguished by an ingenious sagacity, a pure taste, opinions judiciously supported, and a concise and animated narration. Lord Holland has done very well what he intended to do; but the subject which he has treated is capable of great development; and I think that either he himself, or a writer of his abilities, would compose a work more useful, and fully as interesting, by executing the task which the Spanish editor had imposed upon himself, that of giving a *catalogue raisonné* of all the works of Lopez de Vega, which have come down to us. The analysis of the different compositions, classified and examined in a systematic order,—the quotation of the finest passages,—the indication of the principal imitations, distinct judgments, with the grounds of them, in every branch of the merit of this celebrated writer, would be at once a most useful collection for the literati of all countries, and a real monument to the glory of the Spanish author.

Art. II. *The Olympian Jupiter, &c.* By M. Quatremere de Quincy.

It being our intention to give a particular account of this splendid and important work, we pass it over here, and proceed to

Art. III. *L. Holstenii Epistolæ ad diversos, quas ex editis et ineditis codicibus collegit atque illustravit Jo. Fr. Boissonade, &c.* Paris 1817, 8vo.

Though Holstenius was one of the most active and laborious of the literati of the 17th century, he is the one who has left the fewest monuments of his erudition and industry. Being settled at Rome, amidst the literary treasures accumulated in that capital of the world; honoured with the protection and friendship of Cardinal Barberini, one of the greatest personages of that court and age; entrusted first by this cardinal with the care of his library, and in the pontificate of Innocent X. placed at the head of the Vatican Library; connected by the ties of friendship with all the learned men in Europe, and particularly with the erudite and respectable Peirese; Holstenius possessed every advantage necessary to acquire a great reputation in his lifetime, and to transmit his name with honour to posterity by his writing. In fact we see him engaged at once in numerous works, which by the different turn of mind they require in those who apply to them, seem to exclude each other, or at least difficult to be reconciled together. Almost the whole field of sacred and profane history was open to him. But three principal studies, namely, ancient and modern geo-

graphy; the Platonic philosophy and the sects derived from it, and ecclesiastical antiquities and history, were the chief objects of his meditations and researches. As a skilful Hellenist, an elegant and pure Latinist, a profound theologian, and a connoisseur versed in the knowledge of the monuments of the arts, he might have acquired, in so many various ways, a brilliant reputation. Yet the number of his publications does not answer to the prodigious extent of his knowledge, nor does even the quality of his works seem equal to the idea of the merit ascribed to their author. Except his Commentary on Stephen of Byzantium, and his notes on Culvier's Italy, we have hardly any performance of his but detached pieces; which, though we always recognize in them the profound learning of the author, cannot be considered as anything more than the relaxations of his laborious pen.

This want of proportion between the great variety of knowledge possessed by Holstenius, and the small number of his works, which seems still more striking in a life always employed in literary labours, and extended to a considerable length, (he died in 1661, aged 65,) is a problem which the perusal of his letters will partly solve. We see him in the whole correspondence generally directing his studies to the three principal subjects above mentioned, but frequently digressing to innumerable other objects unconnected with them: hurried, by the vivacity of his imagination, from one work scarcely sketched out, to another of a different kind; and forced, in short, by the almost infinite variety of his knowledge, and by the inexhaustible plasticity of his character, to apply at the same time to different researches to satisfy his own curiosity and that of his correspondents. What must have especially caused a great loss of time, was the looking for and collating MSS. both for himself and to assist the labours of his friends; for which he spared neither time, labour, nor expense. It may be observed, that this noble generosity of Holstenius, sacrificing every thing in the search for truth, and neglecting the care of his own reputation to promote the fame of his friends, was the peculiar characteristic of the men of letters of that day; and that it is to their pure and disinterested zeal for the increase of knowledge, that we perhaps owe the most useful improvements which have been made up to our time.

We cannot but regret that so many useful enterprises, begun and prosecuted by him with so much application and ability, are now lost to letters, and to the honour of his memory. In reading in the 10th letter, addressed to Peirese, the sketch of a plan for the *Collection of the Greek Geographers*, the detail of the authors who were to form a part of it, an account of the notes and illustrations of every kind which he proposed to add to it, we admire the profound erudition of the author; and when we see in the following letters to the same Peirese, with what ardour he prose-

cuted this great enterprise, it is lamentable to think that a plan so well conceived, and so admirably commenced, was never carried into effect. It has since been partly executed by Hudson, but on a more limited plan, and with inferior and less various knowledge than was shewn by the original projector. In our own times, a learned German, Mr. Bredow, resuming the labours of Holstenius, whose letter he published, undertook to supply the deficiencies, and correct the errors which Hudson left in his collection. But death interrupted Mr. Bredow's researches, and it is doubtful whether the fruits of his labours can be given to the public.

Similar sentiments of esteem and regret are excited by several other parts of the correspondence with Peirese. The Platonic philosophy appears to have been a principal and favourite object of his researches. The 37th letter, addressed to Peirese, contains much curious information on this subject, and concludes with an Index of Platonic Philosophers, copied, illustrated, and corrected with his own hand, of which he proposed to give an ample and accurate edition. In other letters, and particularly in the 108th, (to Peirese) he gives an account of another work on which he was engaged, and for which his situation furnished him with the most ample materials, namely, a body of Ecclesiastical Annals, infinitely more exact and complete than any that had yet been published, and entirely composed of original authors. It is evident from other letters, that his zeal in prosecuting this work continued to grow more ardent as he procured new information. The loss of so many materials, collected with such labour, is one of the most severe which literature sustained by his death.

We should willingly dwell longer on this interesting collection, but we have said enough to shew the importance of it; and as an additional inducement to our learned readers, who cannot be supposed to be unacquainted with the labours of Holstenius, we add, that though many of these letters have appeared before, viz. those to the celebrated Italian antiquarian Doni, (written chiefly in Italian,) those to Nicolas Heinsius, to Lambecius the author's nephew, to Meursius, and to P. Sirmond, yet the most important part, that which bears the name of Peirese, is entirely new. Holstenius, honoured with the friendship, and loaded with the favours of that enlightened patron of learning, seems to take pleasure in entering into the most familiar and minute details respecting his character, his labours, and his projects of every kind. He frequently takes occasion to illustrate facts relative to the literary, political, and ecclesiastical history of those times.

"I cannot conclude this article," says M. Raoul Rochette, "without paying a just tribute of acknowledgment to the vast erudition and sound judgment displayed by Mr. Boissonade in his notes to the letters of Holstenius. Nothing that could tend to

illustrate the text of his author has been neglected or omitted; and yet such is the exquisite taste and the same sobriety of learning, which has directed this part of his work, that useful explanations alone have seemed necessary to him; and his notes, full of facts, and always concise, add but very little to the bulk of this edition. To have their merit appreciated, it is sufficient to say that I have not found the accuracy of M. Boissonade to fail in any particular, and that I have never been stopped on any point, in the reading of Holstenius, at least by the fault of his editor."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EPITAPHS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In one of your late very entertaining Numbers, was a collection of burlesque Epitaphs, such as I have often grieved to see disgracing our prominent church-yards. This paper brought to my recollection an idea which has more than once occurred to me,—that a little volume of original and selected poetry of this class, would not be uninteresting, and might serve to introduce a better taste than that generally displayed by the parish-clerk or stone-mason on these occasions. I have always been fond of visiting village burying-grounds. I acquired this inclination before I can remember how; but I do not forget how often in youth have a few appropriate and tolerably written lines, produced in my mind that feeling, "pleasing yet mournful," whose impression faded not with the last view of the sacred and simple dwelling of the rustic dead. How often have I seen the mirth of a giddy party, which was excited by some stranger "lame of a foot," suddenly melted into tearfulness and sensibility by an unadorned, unaffected sketch of "the short and simple annals of the poor?"—and for these emotions the heart is the better,—the heart which every circumstance of life seems to harden—every circumstance of death to ameliorate. A well epitaphed church-yard might have no small influence on the mind of the neighbouring peasantry. The *Burying-ground* is the lounge of the idlers—the rendezvous of the lovers—the scene of the meditations of the thoughtful—and the assemblage place for the gossips of the village. It would not be a difficult task to convert it into a species of rustic mental school. Yet a step further:—Would not the church-yard be turned into a "biographical library" for the lower orders, were each deceased's exact character to be engraven on the stone which covers his virtues or vices? Might not a strong feeling of emulation be excited? This could be arranged by the clergyman of the parish. We are none of us indifferent to the regards of posterity. "Victory or Westminster Abbey" was the battle-shout of one of our greatest heroes. This "love of fame"—this "universal passion," pervades all human minds, in a more or less degree. With what pride would

the children of the virtuous poor man read on his tomb-stone the epitome of his worth;—and what a lesson would the offspring of a different character receive, from the "stigmatized," even in death! But enough—more than enough from me on this subject. I subjoin a few Epitaphs, brought to me by some of the members of a youthful group who were with me when your burlesques were read; and by whom, though myself far advanced in my pilgrimage, I love to be surrounded. "Let us collect a paper of Epitaphs," I said to them, to shew that this order of writing is not without its beauty. But I have already intruded too long: however, there is always allowance to be made for the garrulity of

AN OLD WOMAN.

Epitaph from the Greek.

Pillars of death! cary'd aytens! tearful urns!
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To him that near my tomb his footsteps turns,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail! and say, a maid
Rests in her bloom below; her Sire the name
Of Myrtis gave; her birth and lineage high:
And say her bosom friend Erinna came,
And on the marble graver her elegy.

*From the Modern Greek.**On a Tomb in the Island of Zante.*

The Maid who in this grave is sleeping,
Has left her young companions weeping;
And thoughts of her have plunged in sadness
Hearts to whom they once gave gladness!
Lovely in form—in mind excelling—
A spirit pure in heavenly dwelling.
She died—and we again shall never
See one like her—now lost for ever!

From the Welsh.

The grave of a beautiful warrior, by whose hand
Fell many a combatant,
Ere he became silent.
Beneath this stone,
Llathan, the son of Rhun,
Is in the vale of Cain.

From the same.

To whom belongs the square grave,
With the four stately stones at its corners?
It is the tomb of Madoc—THE FIERCE KNIGHT.

From the same.

He whose grave is on this cliff,
His hand was the foe of many;
His name shall sleep in peace.
Mercy be to him!

*From the French.**On a Tomb-stone in Auvergne.*

Marie was the only child of her mother,
"And she was a widow."
Marie sleeps in this grave—
And the widow has now no child.

Inscription on a Stone in the English Burying-ground at Bourdeaux.

There was a sweet and nameless grace,
That wander'd o'er her lovely face;
And from her pensive eye of blue,
Was magic in the glance which flew.
Her hair of soft and gloomy shade,
In rich luxuriance curling stray'd;
But when she spoke, or when she sung,
Enchantment on her accents hung.
Where is she now?—where all must be—
Sunk in the grave's obscurity.
Yet never—never slumber'd there
A mind more pure—a form more fair!

In a Church-yard in Northumberland.

The world has long since wearied me,
And now, my appointed task is done,
Parting it without enmity,
I'll take my staff, and journey on.

On a Tomb-stone in an Irish Country Church-yard.

A little Spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear.
Oh! he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day—its dream by night!
The chill winds came—the young flower faded,
And died;—the grave its sweetest shaded,
Fair Boy! thou shouldst have wept for me,
Now I have had to mourn of thee there:
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be—
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear and sacred ground,
When spring-gales next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

Epitaph on Himself.

BY THE CHEVALIER ROUFFLERS.

Ci git un Chevalier, qui sans cesse court,
Qui, sur les grands chemins vaquit, recuit, mourut.
Four prouver ce qu'a dit le sage,
Que notre vie est un voyage.

TRANSLATION.

Here slumbers one, who rest till now we tried;
Born on the great road—there he lived and died,
More to prove the wisdom of the sage,
Who said that life was but a pilgrimage.

From the French, in the Burying-ground of Mont-Louis, in Paris.

Mother—sweet Mother, thou canst never know
That yearly thus I deck thy mossy bed
With the first roses of the Spring that blow,
And tears of fond affection shed.

Mother—sweet Mother, tho' I knew thee not,
I feel that one I love is buried here;
And tho' this grave by others is forgot,
To me it shall thro' life be dear—most dear.

LETTERS ON SWEDEN.

BY BARON BOURGOING.

LETTER IX.

To Sch.....

Stockholm, ——— 180°.

APPARITIONS, &c.

It seems that the pretended working of miracles, and the belief in that power, is of ancient date in Sweden. The first, and likewise very remarkable sign of it, is the vision of Charles XI. which is said to have revealed to him the melancholy fate of his sixth successor; whether an imposture or not, it certainly long preceded the event foretold. I have read the Protocol in the Swedish language, which was drawn up under the reign of that king (who by no means passes for a visionary) respecting the remarkable apparition of which he is said to have been a witness. After having been for a long time known by a few persons, this document, which is very singular in its kind, caused a particular sensation at the commencement of the present government. The young monarch, who was inclined to melancholy ideas, thinking himself born under an unhappy constellation, has fancied that he saw in this vision

a prophecy, which he was destined to fulfil; and I know many here who share his uneasiness. My curiosity was excited by this. I have got a copy of this Protocol, on which I look as a document belonging to the history of Superstition; and send it you, that you may add it to your archives of human folly.*

I must still mention another vision, of a much more recent date. It happened during my stay in Sweden, and is much more authentic than the other. At least, as far as I could learn, the facts are beyond all doubt.

You know that the hereditary Prince of Baden, and his consort, with his eldest son, and one of the Princesses, had paid a visit to the Empress of Russia, and then passed some time with their royal children at Stockholm, where they were treated with the kindest cordiality. The king and queen would willingly have kept them longer; but the season was advancing, and the Baden family were desirous to return to their own country before the winter set in. However, they yielded to the intreaties of their children, to spend another fortnight at Gripsholm, from which place they were to depart on their journey back; and they went there in the beginning of December 1801.† The fourteen days were a series of amusements; it seemed as if the two august families wished to overpower the painful thoughts of their separation.

One evening—it was the last but one before their melancholy departure—they were still sitting at dinner, which was unusually prolonged, amidst the effusions of joy and the most cordial familiarity;—circumstances which I expressly mention, to shew that there was nothing to lead to melancholy forebodings. On this evening then, Count Von F—, a man of the most cheerful humour, was conversing with the amiable Countess of G—, who sat next him: almost opposite to them, and with the most cheerful face, sat the Hereditary Prince of Baden: suddenly, Count F—stammered in his speech, and turned pale. "What ails you?" said the Countess, who perceived it. "Nothing—nothing at all," said the Count convulsively. "For God's sake, speak; the sudden change of your colour—your stammering—all that is not natural." The Countess pressing him, he at last said, "You see here before us the Hereditary Prince of Baden, in his uniform, blue and red;—well, just now, as I cast a look at the door, I saw the Prince entering the same door, with his other uniform, green and yellow. He looked pale and faint, fell down, and vanished. It was no deception: while conversing with you, I

certainly at this moment never thought any thing about the Hereditary Prince: perhaps I pay no more regard to forebodings than you; but I would lay a wager that we shall soon lose the excellent Prince." The Countess was alarmed. That the Count was not in jest was too visible.

Both of them remained, while dinner lasted, most silent; and, when they rose, mutually promised not to mention the subject to any person whatever. Unhappily they were bound by this promise for only a very short time. Two days after, the Hereditary Prince left Gripsholm for Arboga. The most experienced coachman of the court drove him. It was slippery on the road—the horses slide from the ice—the coachman tries to raise them by giving them the whip—they throw themselves on the side—and the carriage is overturned into the ditch. This fall occasioned the unfortunate good Prince a fit of apoplexy, of which, except his corpulency and florid colour, he had before shewn no symptoms.

As soon as this news arrived at Gripsholm, their Majesties wanted to go to Arboga. Count F—, thinking that the moment was now come when he was allowed to break the agreement with the Countess of G—, ran to the King, and said, "Spare yourself the pain and sorrow of this journey; the Prince's last hour has struck." He now told the King what had happened to him two days before. They still resolve on departing. The King and Queen fly, as one may say, to Arboga; but unfortunately arrive too late,—the Prince had already breathed his last sigh.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DANISH LITERATURE, &c.

SIR, Copenhagen, 29th Nov.

CHATTERTON, well known for his extensive travels, has made some stay here. After visiting Italy, he travelled through Greece, and thence to Palestine; returned then to Constantinople, whence he proceeded to Odessa; and from that city, through the interior of Russia, to St. Petersburg: lastly, he travelled through all Sweden, and so came hither. He is now going home to England.—The Danish Missionary, Hans Egede, has published a work upon Greenland, which contains most interesting information. It has been received with such extraordinary approbation, that both a German and a Swedish translation of it have already appeared, and an English translation by the well-known clergyman, Henderson, is expected.—To the many journals, of all kinds, which we already have, another, destined for the Military, is to be added. The first number will appear at the beginning of next year.—During this winter, as during the preceding, many lectures are read before a mixed audience, upon universally interesting subjects. Professor Zinn Magnesen's Lectures on the Northern Mythology in general, and upon the properly Metrical Poems of the Edda, in particular, deserve

to be mentioned with honour. He is a native of Iceland, and has made himself acquainted with the ancient Northern Mythology by many years study.—One of our younger poets, J. M. Thiele, who enjoys general esteem on account of his earlier poetical productions, has now published "Specimens of Danish popular Traditions, with a Preface by Professor Nyerup." In this first volume, there are several hundred of such traditions, which the author collected last summer, while he was in the country. The idea of these ancient traditions, which still subsist among the people, is new, and happily executed; and it were to be wished that the author would give a critical investigation of the origin of each tradition.—We have a natural phenomenon here; namely, a girl 19 years of age, who weighs 400lbs. Her stature is in proportion, for she measures six feet. She is a native of Oldenburgh, was remarkably large at her birth, weighed, in the fourth year of her age, 150lb.; and, in her seventh, 200lb. She eats very little, but drinks daily above eight quarts of water.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 26.—Thomas Smith Turnbull, B.A. of Gonville and Caius College, has been elected a Fellow of that Society, on Dr. Perse's foundation.

Henry Tasker, Esq. B.A. of Pembroke-hall, was on the 18th inst. elected Fellow of that Society.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LATE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

ON SEEING HER BUST IN THE KING'S CHAMBER IN 1812.

(From the German of Brenner.)

THOU'RT gone from us—to weep no more;
Thy day of grief—of glory's o'er.
In Fortune's last extremity,
Princess, 'twas well for thee to die.
Death calms the wretched—frees the slave—
Can insult reach thee in the grave?
Oh! for the hour a freeman's steel
Shall teach thy Tyrant's heart to feel!
Oh! for the hour he lies as low,
Curs'd deep—not bless'd, as angel, thou!
I saw thee—never left my eye
Thy first proud glance of majesty;
Proud, yet most sweet, a starting tear
Told that a woman's heart was there.
Thy cheek is still before me—pale
As the last leaf on Autumn's gale;
Then, sudden lit with burning tinge,
As o'er it, from the eyes' dark fringe,
Came drop by drop the tears of pain,
At some new galling of thy chain;
Some sullen, slighting courtesy
Of him who could not honour thee.
Fiend of the earth—Napoleon!
What could'st thou of such hearts have known!

Yet was there one who felt—who feels
The wound Time widens, but not heals;
Pierced to the soul with every sting
That Fate could point against a King,
The *Men* had one more misery
To meet—and met it, losing thee!

* This vision having been published since, we do not insert it here. Its authenticity has also been lately disputed in Sweden itself, and, as it seems, not without reason.—V. GÖCHHAUSEN.

† Gripsholm is indeed an old castle, but by no means, as Acerbi says, without doors and windows. Since the Court divides the year between Stockholm, Drottningholm, and Haga, it very seldom visits Gripsholm.—THE AUTHOR.

Image of beauty—breathing stone,
 Here shrined so lovely, and so lone!
 Comes he not here from broken sleep,
 To weep as hearts alone can weep?
 Thy spell is on me too—my eye
 Is caught, fix'd, fill'd, unconscious why:
 'Tis not thy soft yet stately brow,
 Sweet, stooping eyelid, hair's rich flow;
 'Tis woe's deep grace that seems to wind
 O'er all—the relique of thy mind.
 What tears have flow'd o'er many a tale
 Of gentler woe in life's low vale!
 And to this end the mighty come—
 To anguish, exile, and the tomb!
 But the dark heart that sent thee there,
 If there's revenge in earth, we swear,
 Shall drop with blood for every tear;
 For that, from Empire, mankind, driven,
 As sure as there's a Power in Heaven,
 That crime's not made to be forgiven!

TRISSINO.

BALLAD.

THE Minstrel came from beyond the sea,
 And weary with his toil was he;
 But wearied more, that in one long year
 No news of his lady he could hear.
 By land and sea he had wander'd far,
 With Hope alone for a guiding star;
 Yet had he been so tempest tost,
 That oft the guiding star was lost.
 Safe from the land, safe from the main,
 Again he has reached his native Spain;
 And he feels of its sun the blessed glow,
 And inhales new life, as its breezes blow.
 Yet he will not stop, nor he will not stay,
 But onward goes, by night and by day;
 Till at length he has reach'd that fateful spot,
 Ne'er from the parting hour forgot.
 There—and he dare no further go
 To seek what he dies, yet dreads, to know;
 And he lingers till the moonlight hour,
 When that lady lov'd to sing in her bower.
 Oh! will this dazzling sun ne'er fade,
 This sky ne'er soften into shade;
 Longer than all that came before,
 Will never this joyless day be o'er!
 Faded, at last the sun's red ray
 Softened the sky to cloudless gray;
 The longest noon must have its night,—
 And o'er the bower the moon rose bright.
 Roses are wavering in its beam,
 As thro' their foliage zephyrs stream;
 Perfumes are floating on the air,
 But no sweet song is singing there.
 He listens—listens—but in vain,
 From that low bower there breathes no strain:
 "Yet may she come"—for Hope will stay,
 Even till her last star fades away.
 "Yet may she come"—no more—no more,—
 The dreamings of thy heart be o'er:
 Who slumbers the long sleep of rest,
 Is dull to the voice she once lov'd best.
 A ray within the green bower shone,
 It danced upon a funeral stone;
 There sculptured was a well-known name,
 The name most dear—the same—the same!
 That night, and o'er lost hope he mourn'd;
 But ere again the hour return'd,
 Had parted from his native shore
 An exile—to return no more.
 Yet, as he left that bower of woe,
 That all of his constancy might know,
 A ringlet of hair on that grave he wound,
 A chain of gold round that pillar he wound.

ISABEL D.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF

MAURICE AUGUSTUS VON THÜMMEL.

THIS highly-esteemed and elegant writer died at Coburg, where he had for some time resided, on the 26th of October, in his 80th year, of utter debility, consequent on his advanced age. A week or two before his death, the Anacreontic old man sent for a little Rhenish wine, a hundred years old, from his cellar at Gotha, which he expressly destined as a tribute to the Good Genius, as soon as he should perceive his welcome approach.

He was born on the 27th of May, 1738, at Schönefeld, close to Leipsig, and was the second son of Mr. Von Thümmel, Counsellor of the Chamber of Finances of the Province. His father, a very wealthy man, lost almost the whole of his property by a succession of misfortunes. The family estate too (Schönefeld) was entirely pillaged on the irruption of the Prussian army in 1745, shortly before the battle of Kesselsdorf, and passed into the hands of strangers. At the Conventual-School of Rossleben, he received the rudiments of education, and was initiated in the writings of the classical authors of antiquity; and was then received by Gottsched, at that time Rector of the University of Leipsig, among the students of the high school in that city, in the midst of the seven-years war. Gillert was his principal teacher; Rabiner and Weisse contracted an intimate friendship with the high-spirited youth, who possessed an ample flow of wit: and, by means of Weisse, he became acquainted with Kleist,* who was at that time at Leipsig, on some military business for Frederick II. He remained closely connected with Weisse till the death of the latter. He dedicated to him his "Inoculation of Love;" he wrote to him on all his journeys; and some of his minor poems owe their origin to a friendly contest with Weisse, with whose dramatic muse Thümmel, whose taste was more refined than that of the age, was not always satisfied. Thümmel was early a favourite of the Graces, and his conversation afforded an exhaustless fund of wit, and the most cheerful humour. An old bachelor, of the name of Balz, who had been Justiciary at Schönefeld, and intimate with the family, made him, 20 years later, heir to his whole property of 20,000 dollars (4000*l.*) In the year 1761, he came to the court of Coburg, and soon attained the highest offices of state under Duke Ernest Frederick of Saxe Coburg. Already in 1768 he was privy counsellor and minister. The intrigues and amusements of the little court, of which he himself was often the soul, afforded abundant materials to his propensity for the comic. Thus arose, in the first years of his residence at the court of Coburg, his comic-epic in prose, "*Wilhel-*

* Author of a poem called "The Spring," and other works of merit.

mine, or the Pedant's Marriage;" which was for the most part founded on real events, and was caused by a wager with M. Von Bose, Aulic-counsellor of Coburg, a very well-informed man, who considered *Poetic-Prose*, so much in vogue with the French and Italians, to be a nonentity, as it has always been held before the strict tribunal of criticism. This little work has been translated into almost all the languages of civilized Europe; and has been the innocent parent of a countless progeny. Nicolai span it out into his "Sebaldua Nothanker." Nobody ought to judge of it without having read and weighed the author's preface in the first edition. It is the very essence of the finest ton of polished society, with only as much license in it as the Menandrian Comedy allows.

Thümmel's muse was now silent for many years. He never wrote for the sake of writing, and book-making was always an abomination to him. His "Inoculation of Love" he called himself a social joke, and estimated it as no more than an ephemeral production. From the year 1783 he withdrew from all business, and passed his life in cheerful retirement, partly at Gotha, and partly at the estate of Sonnenborn, near Gotha, at the foot of the forest of Thuringia. He had a brother, with whom he lived in the strictest intimacy. This brother had married a very amiable young and rich widow, who had inherited from her husband, a M. Von Wangenhüm, two great sugar plantations in Surinam, called Rorac and Claverblad. The country-house of Sonnenborn (this estate had belonged to M. Von Wangenhüm) became the seat of taste and the most refined learning. The family often resided at Paris. From this city the two brothers, in company with the accomplished wife of the younger, made a tour through France, which they traversed in every direction, and part of Italy, from 1775 to 1778. Though Thümmel, the poet, travelled at a later period through many provinces of France, and gladly revived ancient recollections, yet this first tour was the sole source of that work, by which he stands without a rival (in that species of writing) in German Literature. The esteem which he and his sister-in-law conceived for each other, during this tour, greatly increased; when, being deprived of her whole property by unfortunate events, and too expensive a mode of living (she was long known in Paris by the name of the Rich Dutch Woman), she bore the change in her circumstances with fortitude, and gained her livelihood at Tours, a provincial town of France, by needle-work and embroidery. This induced the poet, when his younger brother died prematurely, to give his hand to this lady in 1779. This marriage, which was blessed with children, was, according to Thümmel's repeated declarations, a heaven on earth to him. The greater was his affection when his amiable and accomplished partner was snatched from him, in the latter end of 1799. She had fully shared

with him in sorrow and in joy. His circumstances, in his advanced life, were not brilliant; for his inherited property, as the rich plantations in Surinam before, was so diminished, partly by the increase of his wants, and partly by the terrible consequences of the Revolution, that though the Poet had an annuity, and the enjoyment of the estate of Sonnenborn for his life, he was often obliged, in his old age, to observe a rigid economy, which however had not the smallest influence on his cheerful temper. In his latter years he found most pleasure in residing at Gotha, where he had a daughter married, and the most interesting intercourse in the family of his brother minister of Gotha-Attenburg. The present reigning Duke of Gotha, who himself possesses a creative and fruitful imagination, with the most lively wit, honoured in the aged, now less eloquent Poet, the earlier productions of his genius, and afforded him numerous comforts in his old age. There never was a more amiable and accomplished courtier—a more humane and mild character, united with great wit, and every requisite for severe satire. He had imbibed in his fancy the poetical treasures of all the cultivated languages of Europe; but was naturally most conversant with the finest productions of the French literature; nay, it may be said, that the ground-work of his poetry was all French, interwoven with German ingenuity and British humour.

The work which insures immortality to his name in the literature of our country (Germany) is his "*Tour in the Southern Provinces of France*," written by the Poet, now past the meridian of life, from his still vivid recollections of a journey made some years before, amidst the luxuriant natural beauties, and the moral corruption of the South of France. This work consists of ten volumes, which were published successively, at pretty long intervals, the first having appeared in 1791, and the last in 1805. The completion of the work is owing to the patriotic bookseller Göschen, of Leipzig; who, at a later period, published an edition of all his poems and writings, with a most excellent portrait of the ancient Bard. This M. Fez draws a witty portrait of the whole tribe of book-makers. The subject of this novel in prose, which is interspersed with poems of the most diversified forms, is the cure of an hypochondriac, mixed with all kinds of sentimental and pleasant adventures, reflected in the moral corruption of the lives of the monks and dignified priests, as they existed before the French Revolution; with all the local colours of the climate of the South.

This *chef d'œuvre*, which is perhaps extended to too great a length by three parts of the ten, was received with unqualified admiration in its first appearance by the first poets and critics of the nation. In the point of criticism, two letters of Garve, printed in his correspondence with Weisse, and the Poet's defence, will always be important. The most tried and faithful

friend of Thümmel, Weisse, who with his critical knife had formerly pruned many too luxuriant and exotic shoots of his "*Inoculation of Love*," superintended at Leipzig the publication of the first volume of his *Tour*; and did not spare even the most flourishing branches, particularly where he feared the pruriency of his style: notwithstanding which, Thümmel's *Clara* has sometimes given much well-founded offence. It is remarkable that, in his *Political Dream*, he has, like a wise prophet, strikingly predicted in this *Tour* the issue of the French Revolution; and, in some other poems, has painted the reverse side of his age with such terrible truth, that an Englishman has lately learned German, merely to be able to read this work. What Thümmel has admitted into the last edition of his Works, bears testimony against the spurious productions falsely ascribed to him in many collections made without his knowledge. During the long period in which he appeared to have wholly renounced publicity, till the appearance of his "*Tour*," he had composed and written, for his own amusement, and that of his intimate friends, many charming pieces. He left them written fair, in a cupboard in the wall; and, when he came back from a journey, found his MS. employed to paste the new papering of this room in which the cupboard unapparently was! What was here lost could never be repaired; but a more complete edition of his *Engitive Poems* would be a much more worthy offering to his manes than has yet been made. He himself once composed a poetical description of a monument on his grave, in which the stones, from a quarry near Coburg, and which he had made an important article of trade to the East and West Indies, and a means of support to numerous poor country people, had a due place assigned them, both for use and ornament.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

TWELFTH DAY.

DR. DRAKE in his recent work, "*Shakespeare and his Times*," (for a review of which see the *Literary Gazette*, pages 322 and 372,) gives a curious and entertaining account of this remarkable holiday, and as this sheet of our publication will be in many hands on its anniversary, we hope a transcription of the history in question will not be deemed unacceptable.

"To the rejoicings on New Year's tide succeeded, after a short interval, the observance of the Twelfth Day, so called from its being the twelfth day after the nativity of our Saviour, and the day on which the *Eastern Magi*, guided by the star, arrived at Bethlehem, to worship the infant Jesus.

"This festive day, the most celebrated of the twelve for the peculiar conviviality of its rites, has been observed in this king-

dom ever since the reign of Alfred, 'in whose days,' says Collier, 'a law was made with relation to holidays, by virtue of which, the twelve days after the Nativity of our Saviour were made Festivals.'

"In consequence of an idea which seems generally to have prevailed, that the *Eastern Magi* were kings, this day has been frequently termed the *feast of the three kings*; and many of the rites with which it is attended, are founded on this conception; for it was customary to elect, from the company assembled on this occasion, a king or queen, who was usually elevated to this rank by the fortuitous division of a cake, containing a bean, or piece of coin; and he or she to whom this symbol of distinction fell, in dividing the cake, was immediately chosen king or queen, and then forming their ministers or court from the company around, maintained their state and character until midnight.

"The *Twelfth Cake* was almost always accompanied by the *Wassail Bowl*, a composition of spiced wine or ale, or mead, or methglin, into which was thrown roasted apples, sugar, &c. The term *Wassail*, which in our elder poets is connected with much interesting imagery, and many curious rites, appears to have been first used in this island during the well-known interview between Vortigern and Rowena. Geoffrey of Monmouth relates, on the authority of Walter Calenius, that this lady, the daughter of Hengist, knelt down, on the approach of the king, and presenting him with a cup of wine, exclaimed, 'Lord King *Wæs heil*,' that is, literally, 'Health be to you.' Vortigern being ignorant of the Saxon language, was informed by an interpreter, that the purport of these words was to wish him health, and that he should reply by the expression, *drinc-heil*, or 'drink the health' accordingly, on his so doing, Rowena drank, and the king receiving the cup from her hand, kissed and pledged her.

'Health, my Lord King,' the sweet Rowena said;
'Health,' cried the chieftain to the Saxon maid;
Then gaily rose, and 'mid the concourse wide,
Kiss'd her hale lips, and placed her by his side.
At the soft scene, such gentle thoughts abound,
That healths and kisses 'mongst the guests went round:

From this the social custom took its rise;
We still retain, and still must keep the prize:

Paraphrase of Robert of Gloucester.

"Since this period, observes the historian, the custom has prevailed in Britain of using these words whilst drinking; the person who drank to another saying *wæs-heil*, and he who received the cup answering *drinc-heil*.

"It soon afterwards became a custom in villages on Christmas-eve, New Year's Eve, and Twelfth Night, for itinerant minstrels to carry to the houses of the gentry and others, where they were generally very hospitably received, a bowl of spiced wine, which being presented with the Saxon words just mentioned, was therefore called a *Wassail-bowl*. A bowl or cup of this description was also to be found in almost every nobleman's or

gentleman's house, (and frequently of massy silver,) until the middle of the seventeenth century, and which was in perpetual requisition during the revels of Christmas."

[Hence we have the word *Wassel*, synonymous for carousing and joviality.]

"During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the celebration of the Twelfth Night was, equally with Christmas Day, a festival through the land, and was observed with great ostentation and ceremony in both the Universities, at court, at the Temple, and at Lincoln's and Gray's-inn. Many of the masques of Ben Jonson were written for the amusement of the royal family on this night; and Dugdale in his *Origines Judiciales*, has given us a long and particular account of the revelry at the Temple on each of the twelve days of Christmas, in the year 1562. It appears from this document, that the hospitable rites of St. Stephen's day, St. John's day, and Twelfth day, were ordered to be exactly alike; and as many of them are in their nature perfectly rural, and were, there is every reason to suppose, observed to a certain extent in the halls of the country gentry and substantial yeomanry, a short record here, of those that fall under this description, cannot be deemed inapposite.

"The breakfast on Twelfth Day is directed to be of brawn, mustard, and malmsey; the dinner of two courses to be served in the hall, and after the first course 'cometh in the master of the game, apparelled in green velvet; and the Ranger of the Forest also, in a green suit of satten; bearing in his hand a green bow and divers arrows, with either of them a hunting horn about their necks: blowing together three blasts of ventry, they pace round about the fire three times. Then the Master of the Game maketh three curtesies,' kneels down, and petitions to be admitted into the service of the Lord of the Feast.

"This ceremony performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall, with a fox and a purse-net, with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff; and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting-horns. And the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon, and killed beneath the fire. This sport finished, the Marshal, an officer so called, who, with many others different appellations, were created for the purpose of conducting the revels, placeth them in their several appointed places.

"After the second course, the 'ancientest of the Masters of the Revels singeth a song, with the assistance of others there present; and after some repose and revels, supper, consisting of two courses, is then served in the hall, and being ended, 'the Marshal presenteth himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold, born by four men; and goeth three times round about the hearth, crying out aloud, 'a Lord, a Lord,' &c. then he descendeth, and goeth to dance.

"This done, the Lord of Mirth ad-

dresseth himself to the Banquet; which endeth with some minstraleys, mirth and dancing, every man departeth to rest.

"Herrick, who was the contemporary of Shakspeare for the first twenty-five years of his life, that is, from 1591 to 1616, has given us the following curious and pleasing account of the ceremonies of Twelfth Night, as we may suppose them to have been observed in almost every private family.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the king of the sport here;
Beside, we must know,
The Pen also
Must revel, as Quene, in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be the King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelife-day Queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unwill'd will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lambs-wool;
Adde sugar, nutmeg and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus we must doe
To make the Wassail a swinger.

Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing;
And though with all ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
And free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

Herrick's Hesperides.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

HARLEQUIN'S VISION.—We presume that the readers of the Literary Gazette will not look in its columns for a very minute criticism upon the Christmas Pantomimes. Yet this is a Pantomimic era. The Play-houses are more crowded to see these shows, than they have been at any former period of the season; and stage tricks are crowned with more success than the regular business of the Drama: just as political knavery, legal quibbling, quackery in medicine, hypocrisy in religion, puffing in the arts, and mingled cunning, cheatery, and impudence in all trades, carry off the palm from fair dealing and talent. Caraboo, and "the Fortunate Youth," and Signor Hone, and Mrs. Southcote, and the French Dauphin, and Madame Mausion, and Miss M'Avoy, and Madame Krudener, are only prominent specimens, as it were alto-relievs, on the broad ground of too general and too successful imposition. How a philosopher from the moon, could

one drop from that magazine of wits, would laugh at our mundane follies and fantasies! Oh, enlightened age, would he exclaim, which cherishes a vagabond gipsy for an eastern sultana, mistakes a notorious Senpia for a modern Midas, elevates a blasphemous libeller into a martyr for liberty, worships an inflated old woman as a divine inspiration, deems a living cobbler a dead prince, occupies a kingdom with the equivocations of a brothel-visiting wanton, sees prodigies in a purblind wench, and anticipates the end of this great globe itself from the ravings of an insane fanatic! Oh! Wise world! But this has nothing to do with Harlequin's Vision;—it is all a waking dream.

On Friday, the day after Christmas, the usual entertainment for the holiday visitors was produced at Drury Lane, under the title above, "or, The Feast of the Statue." This pantomime is founded on the rather hacknied story of Don Juan; but the inventor, Mr. Lethbridge, has departed so far from the original, as to impart considerable novelty to his production.

The hero, Don Juan Harlequin, is incited to his misdeeds by Proserpine; and Elvira his wife, as Columbine, sent by Venus, is his guardian angel. The entire heathen mythology is enlisted in the affair, as in another Trojan war, and after the common run of escapes, whirls, leaps, &c. Don Juan is ferried across the Styx, and dragged by two Furies into the dominions of Pluto's dark queen. There are, however, another Harlequin and Columbine, and a Clown, full of employment; these are transformed out of Don Octavio the friend, Donna Leonora the mistress, and Jacomo the valet of Juan. Our old and respected friend, Pantaloon, the very Nestor of such a contrivance, is unaccountably omitted. The double action of the Harlequinade is no improvement; as simplicity in such matters is a recommendation to persons of that tender age, which, we hope, is still the most partial to pantomime, though we see these entertainments prolonged far beyond the season when 'prentices and school-boys predominate in the Theatre. The scenery, by Mr. Greenwood, is grand or beautiful, as the subject requires. The Council Hall of Pluto, with which the Piece opens, is exceedingly splendid: a Sunset at Sea, with a Storm, is very fine: all are appropriate, and Pandemonium and the Palace of Pleasure well conceived, and cleverly executed. There is little to praise in the changes; indeed this department seems to be exhausted; till some Boecius in that way starts from the lumber-room, and astonishes the world like another Clara Fisher, Kean, Betty, or O'Neill. Songs have not a good effect in a Pantomime, where action is all in all; but they are necessary to afford time for preparations; and in this respect, those of Mr. Smith and Miss Cubitt are worthy of praise. We ought in conclusion to name the dignitaries of this work, that a record may go down to posterity of those to whom the present generation were indebted for so much intel-

lectual enjoyment: Be it known then in after ages, that Don Juan was performed by Mr. Ridgway, and his brother Harlequin by Mr. Hartland; that Elvira was assigned to Miss Free (whose limbs are light and pliant) and her sister Columbine to Miss Valancy; that the Clown was Mr. Paulo; and that Mr. Woolf made a reputable first appearance as the grisly Pluto. The overture and music, by Mr. Lanza, are pretty and common-place: we have no fault to find with them.

THE IRISH WIDOW.—**DEBUT.**—On Tuesday, a *Young Lady* made her first *courtesy*, or rather *bow*, to a London audience, in the Widow Brady. This choice of a part for *debut* evinces at least one requisite for the stage—modest assurance; and we rejoice to say, that the young lady displayed, throughout the piece, the most ample possession of this qualification, of which it is but justice to add, there is no deficiency among the female performers of Drury Lane. Her body is as well suited as her mind to exhibition in male attire, and with a pleasing countenance and voice (though the latter is rather faint and indistinct) she went spiritedly enough through the character. Her brogue was as much Yorkshire as Irish. The original epilogue song was revived for her in a mistake, for she cannot sing a note to command applause, even though Midas were judge and jury. Upon the whole, we consider this both as an indelicate and injudicious election for a first appearance; in other casts the debutante may succeed better; but then her line of acting is already more than full at a Theatre where Mrs. Alsop, Mrs. Mardyn, Miss Kelly, &c. &c. are to be found. By some strange fatuity, there was not one of the good comedians of the company in the farce: with all its strength in this line, it seems unaccountable not to employ it.

COVENT GARDEN.

HARLEQUIN GULLIVER.—*Et tu Brute!* The *Pantomime* at this Theatre is, we think, the best which has been produced for several years. Though the rival house robbed it of its Lilliputians, and anticipated its novelty in that respect, yet, such is the precocity of talent in our days, the ranks vacated by the defection of these prodigies of children, were soon happily recruited by the zeal and activity of the managers of Covent Garden, and they were enabled to bring forward Harlequin Gulliver, or the Flying Island, under the direction of Farley, music by Ware, and the scenery by those able artists Whitmore, the Grieves, Phillips, Pugh, Hollogan, and others, with whose skill and taste the public is well acquainted.

We may notice that a sort of revolution in the system of old *Pantomime* has been gradually taking place at Covent Garden, which seems to be consummated in the present Piece. The ancient characters are indeed retained, but the incidents, tricks, changes, and coup d'œil of the performances are widely different. We have a modern

picture in an antique frame. All the whims and caprices of the times get thrust into these new-modelled representations, and a sort of humorous satire, or caricature, very pleasantly supersedes stale stratagems, and worn out jests. Thus we have the Paris Catacombs, les Montagnes Russes, La folie Beanjou, and other existing fashions, which are quite the rage, ridiculously, but with sufficient accuracy to afford a perfect idea of them, placed before the eyes of a London audience; while Grimaldi, transforming himself into a fine lady and a Waltzer of extraordinary sensibility, or performing the Ko-tou, furnishes a living illustration of the absurdity of monstrous modes, or a novel criticism upon a laughable embassy. This species of pantomime is rather peculiar to Covent Garden, and we do not remember to have seen the innovation, which is curious, distinctly noticed by any of our contemporary dramatic reviewers.

As for Harlequin Gulliver, we have to state, that his adventures commence with a visit to Laputa, the king of which becomes Pantaloon, the Princess Columbine, and the Lord Chancellor Clown. Lilliput is the next stage of the motley traveller; and this miniature of humanity is succeeded by the prodigious contrast of Brobdingnag, where things are organised on a larger scale. Glubbudbhri, or the Hall of Spectres, with all its solemnities, paves the way for Paris and its frivolities, the principal of which, as exhibited, we have already mentioned. The Catacombs, changed into a magnificent Temple, realizes the happiness of Harlequin and Columbine.

The idea of this subject will, at a single glance, appear to be ingenious, and capable of considerable effect; the execution is fully equal to the plan, and a series of amusing scenes are brought forward, well imagined, well got up, and with attractions far superior to the class of dramatic inventions to which this belongs. The diminutive and the exaggerated examples of our species, are cleverly managed, and the various important adjuncts of machinery, dresses, scenery, and music, are all excellent of their kind. Bologna, Norman, Grimaldi, and Miss F. Dennett, were commendably active and burlesque, in the leading parts; and upon the whole we may predict, that since, and not excepting, Mother Goose, nothing of this sort has been produced likely to attain so much, and such deserved popularity. A duet between the Clown and a Brobdingnag canary bird, of the size of a goose, gave great pleasure to the boarding-school visitors; nor were they less delighted with the Tom Thumbs who peopled Lilliput, in their gala dresses, and the giants whose stature was thrice that of man in these degenerate days. Swift's harsh but exquisite satire too, is so universal a favourite with all ranks and ages, that a story founded upon it, possesses a power to relax the muscles of even more mature years; and derogatory as it may seem to our critical gravity, we do confess

that we intend having another peep at Harlequin Gulliver.

RETRIBUTION.—A new Tragedy from the pen of a Mr. Dillon, a young gentleman of 23 or 24 years of age, and his first dramatic attempt, was produced here on Thursday. The following is the Plot:

Varanes, King of Persia	Mr. Young
Chosroo, } his sons	— M'Cready
Hamed, }	— C. Kemble
Abdas, a Persian Lord	— Egerton
Hafir, his son	— Abbott
Suthes, a captive Chieftain	— Terry
Sohrab, the King's Chamberlain	— Connor
Kobad, Confident to Chosroo	— Comer
Derah, Slave to Chosroo	— Jeffries
Zimra, daughter to Suthes	— Miss O'Neill

THE PLOT.

The date of the Tragedy is supposed to be in the fourth century; the Scene is laid in the Royal Palace of Chesiphon, the then capital of the Persian dominions, and the time represented is two days. The Piece opens on the anniversary of the accession of Varanes to the throne; his elder son, Chosroo, returns triumphant from an expedition against one of the rude Tribes which inhabit the Carduchian Mountains; among his captives is the Chieftain of the Tribe, Suthes, whose daughter Zimra had been previously carried off by Chosroo, but had been rescued from him, and was now protected and concealed by Hamed, the younger brother of Chosroo. These two brothers now dispute, and successively obtain possession of the captive Chieftain and his daughter. They are delivered by Varanes to his virtuous son Hamed, but are again forcibly seized by Chosroo, who is found to possess a strong and mysterious hold over the actions of his father, which arises from his knowledge of some fearful crime, of which the latter has been guilty.

The violence of Chosroo against the captives, and his latent designs of treason against the throne, are discovered by Varanes, who seeks Chosroo, when surrounded by his armed slaves, awes him into temporary fear, and commands him to desist from his purposes; Chosroo, however, whose love is indignantly rejected by Zimra, confines her and her father in separate dungeons.

Hafir, with his father, Abdas, and the King's Chamberlain, Sohrab, had, in the previous part of the play, found Varanes senseless, and on his recovery had heard fall from him frantic expressions, which convinces the former of these (Hafir, an impetuous young man,) that Varanes had mounted the throne by the murder of his brother and predecessor, Sapor; he insults Hamed with the charge, who flying to his father, Varanes, to inquire into its truth, finds it confirmed. Hamed, found by Chosroo standing over his fainting father, is now charged by him with the murder of Varanes, whose body is carried off. Hamed, together with Suthes, charged also with treasonable designs, are on the point of being led to execution, notwithstanding the prayers and entreaties of Zimra, when it

was found that the body, brought in as that of the King, is, in fact, that of a slave, who had been commissioned by *Chosroo* to destroy him; the life of the King having been saved by *Hafir*, while endeavouring to rescue *Suthes* and *Zimra*. *Varanes* now re-appears, orders *Chosroo* to execution; discovers "Retribution" for his own crime in the misconduct and guilt of his son, and dies exhausted and heart-broken. *Hamed* and *Zimra* mount together the throne of Persia, and the curtain falls.

One representation of a work so important as a five-act Tragedy does not enable us to criticise it with the minuteness we could wish. Our general impression with regard to *Retribution*, however, is that it is a production of great promise. We noticed many fine touches, and many passages of the highest poetical beauty. It is true that the plot is defective, and several of the incidents improbable, while others bear too close a resemblance to a very recent play. But still it is the genius displayed by the Author on which we formed our opinion of his future success as a dramatic writer. The Piece is splendidly got up, and the performers did the most ample justice to their respective parts. We shall review it fully in our next, as we have no doubt its merit will ensure it a long run with a public ever prone to encourage rising desert.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DE L'ODEON.

Maria, ou la Demoiselle de Compagnie, a comedy in one act, by *M. Leger*.

The title of this piece promised a few comic situations. A lady's companion generally acts an important part in the family in which she may happen to be placed. If old, she governs her mistress; if young, she either excites her jealousy, or discreetly shares her tender secrets and mysterious cares. Among this class of love heroines may be found faithful friends, dangerous intriguers, and still more pedants well versed in novel reading, and intimately acquainted with the contents of the *scandalous chronicle*.

Maria, the daughter of a naval officer, has been brought up by a lady of quality, and passes for an illustrious orphan. Young *Soligny*, by whom she is beloved, introduces her to his aunt, *Madame Dolville*, who retains her as a companion. The lovers soon betray the secret of their heart, and *Madame Dolville* declares her intention of sending *Maria* to one of her country *Chateaux*. At this her father becomes indignant, resolves that she shall no longer disown her family, and insists on removing her from the power of *Madame Domville*. *Soligny* proposes to marry *Maria*, but to this the Captain will not consent without the sanction of the young man's relations. *Soligny* endeavours to prevail on him to present himself to *Madame Dolville* as a man of rank, and even to make her a proposal of marriage. This is an unfortunate

plan, and by a still more unfortunate accident, it is overheard by the aunt, who has been listening at the door. *Soligny* finding himself disinherited by *Madame Dolville*, knows not how to proceed. The Captain arrives; but instead of assuming a fictitious character, declares himself to be really a man of fortune, and moreover decorated with the insignia of honour, as a reward for his achievements over the enemies of his country. The good aunt, who has enjoyed a few moment's revenge on witnessing the despair of her nephew, now consents to the union of the lovers. All parties are made happy, even the audience in the pit expressed their satisfaction, and seemed vastly edified by the delicate sentiments professed by *Maria*, and a few common-place moral speeches with which the piece is interspersed. In short, *la Demoiselle de Compagnie* is one of those dramas which excite neither smiles nor tears. The subject appears to have been taken from a little tale by *M. Pigault-Lebrun*, entitled *Adele et Soligny*. In the novel the Captain is made to marry the aunt; but the author of the new piece did not think it necessary to carry the *marrying mania* quite so far.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

First representation of *Paris à Pekin*, ou *la Clochette de l'Opera Comique*.

Harlequin takes up his abode in the capital of China, where he opens a depot of French manufactures, whilst his *Columbine* keeps a *Magasin de modes*, in the *Rue Vivienne*, in Paris. A husband in such a situation may sleep soundly in the certainty of his wife's fidelity. In spite of the distance, *Harlequin* is constantly receiving news from France, for he has no less a personage than the winged *Mercury* in his service.

Mercury arrives from Paris with a collection of journals, among which of course is the *Scandalous Chronicle*. He informs his master that *Madame Harlequin* has gone in company with *Lord Desguenées* (the *Adonis* of all the milliners in Paris) to see the *Clochette* of the *Opera-Comique*, a talisman which procures

"Beaucoup d'argent à ceux qui n'en ont pas."

Harlequin wishes to possess this precious talisman, and in a moment the god of thieves places it before him. He rings, and *Lucifer* appears, to obey his commands. He retains the *Diable page*, and directs *Mercury* to convey a cargo of Chinese goods to France, and to bring a quantity of *Champagne* wine to *Pekin*.

Harlequin supposes that his bell possesses the power of convoking geni of every description. He wishes to become acquainted with some of those individuals who have gained most celebrity in Paris. He rings, and immediately enters *M. de l'Assurance*, the great supporter of new pieces. *Harlequin* is curious to see some of those which have proved successful through his assistance. Immediately *l'Homme-gria* and the *Intrigante* of the *Manie des Grands*, make their appearance.

In the meanwhile *Columbine* arrives at

Pekin, attended by *Lord Desguenées*. *Harlequin* learns that the English nobleman has escorted his wife to the *extravagance Beaujou*. In a fit of passion he exclaims, *Que le Diable vous emporte!* and in an instant two trap-doors open to receive them.

The tender husband seeks consolation in the *parti sage*, recommended by *Voltaire*. He proceeds to tap the wine which *Mercury* has brought from France, when the cask suddenly opens, and the *danaiides* appear. Though it is somewhat discouraging to find only one virtuous woman out of fifty, *Harlequin* nevertheless forms a new attachment. He wishes to marry *Palmira*, the intended bride of *Azolin*. But the faithful *Sultana* is again restored to her lover, who in disguise, and with the assistance of *Mercury*, again recovers his magic bell.

At the conclusion of the piece all the characters make their appearance in steam boats, which is intended as a parody on the Indian Squadron of the *Opera-Comique*.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The ministerial journals have since our last published a satisfactory statement relative to the revenue. It bears that the quarter from the 10th of October to the 26th of December, exceeded the corresponding quarter of last year to the amount of 611,363*l.*, the total sums being

In 1817	8,588,669
In 1816	7,977,306
Increase	611,363
The increase is thus formed,	
In the Excise	180,976
Stamps	212,094
Incidents	264,559
	657,623
Decrease.	
Customs	23,260
Post Office	23,000
	46,260
	611,363

In France the project for the provisional collection of six twelfths of the revenue has passed into a law. The other measures proposed by government, the budget, law of the press, &c. continue to occupy the Chambers.

The Duke of Wellington arrived in Paris on Sunday with a small suite; whence it is thought his stay will not be long.

We lament to say that further intelligence from the West Indies, though it alters the parts, confirms the general tenor of the American news respecting the hurricane, which seems to have swept quite across the Atlantic. At

St. Lucie the lady of Governor Seymour and her children were saved; and it does not appear that the soldiery in the barracks perished as originally stated. The Governor himself, Major Burdett and wife, and many others, fell a sacrifice to this fearful visitation. Antigua suffered dreadfully, and great apprehensions are entertained of the havoc in the other islands, especially Martinique.

The Prince of Orange has been reinstated in all his appointments.

The city of London Tavern has this week seen within its walls two very extraordinary meetings. On Monday, a meeting to set afloat a subscription for Hone; and on Wednesday a meeting to commemorate the Tri-centenary anniversary of the Reformation. Mr. Waithman presided at the first, the Duke of Sussex at the second; and the same room which witnessed the reward of profanation and blasphemy, resounded with the applause of sentiments which sanctified the purgation of the Christian Church from abuses. We live in strange times. One day impiety constitutes a martyr, and the next we bless the memory of those whom piety led in other days to that distinction. But Huss or Hone, Party can use either.

A Durham paper states that the notorious Las Casas is a Mr. Le Sage, who resided some time in that neighbourhood, and published a Genealogical Atlas.

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.—The Emperor Joseph II. heard every body who pretended to discover to him any thing useful. By this means he often lost much precious time.

Baron Calisius once begged an audience to propose to the Emperor a matter of great importance; it was granted him: the conversation was as follows—

Calisius. The city of Comorn in Hungary has the misfortune to be visited nearly every five years by earthquakes, which have often occasioned great damage, and still expose it to the utmost danger, and threaten it with total destruction. Now I have remarked, that in Egypt there never were nor are any earthquakes. But as Egypt differs from other countries only in having pyramids, it follows that pyramids must be sure prelatives of earthquakes.

The Emperor. So then it would be good to build some of these edifices in Hungary?

Calisius. This is my humble proposal,

and I here present your Majesty a plan how they may be erected.

The Emperor. But have you calculated the expence?

Calisius. No: but I believe for three or four hundred thousand florins two handsome pyramids might be built; a little smaller indeed than those in Egypt.

The Emperor. Has the city of Comorn so much money?

Calisius. No, but I hope your Majesty will contribute, and the rest might perhaps be raised by a subscription.

The Emperor. Well, I have nothing against it. If a suitable place can be found, which is fit for nothing else, and you will undertake the work on subscription, begin to build as soon as you please; but I cannot fix the amount of my subscription before I see at least one pyramid quite finished.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for December, 1817:—*Legh's Travels in Egypt, reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy;—M. Spencer Stanhope's Topography of the Battle of Plataea, reviewed by M. Letronne;—Lord Holland's Life of Guillen de Castro, by M. Raynouard;—Medal of Thermuse, Queen of the Parthians, by M. Visconti;—On the Division of the Equator and of the Day among the Chaldeans, by M. Letronne;—Bernardi on the Origin and Progress of the French Legislation, by M. Quatrenère de Quincy;—*Michaelis' Arabic Grammar*, and *Christomathie*, by M. Silvestre de Sacy.

We have somewhere noticed the multitude of engraved Prints which appear in Paris as compared with London: the Catalogue for the week ending 20th of December, amounts to sixty-seven, of various kinds.

An interesting French work is announced—the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame D'Espinau*, which will contain many inedited letters of Rousseau, Diderot, Grimm, and other distinguished characters of the 18th century. A new translation of Middleton's Cicero is also among the forthcoming productions of the Paris press.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

December 18—Thursday.

Thermometer from 36 to 47.

Barometer from 29, 13 to 29, 07.

Wind S. W. 1.—Generally clear; rain fallen, 6 of an inch.

Friday, 19—Thermometer from 34 to 45.

Barometer from 28, 99 to 29, 01.

Wind S. W. 4.—Generally cloudy, with rain in the afternoon.

Saturday, 20—Thermometer from 38 to 41.

Barometer from 29, 51 to 29, 49.

Wind N. and N. by E. 4.—Generally cloudy.

Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Sunday, 21—Thermometer from 27 to 34.

Barometer from 29, 75 to 29, 71.

Wind N. E. 6.—Generally cloudy.

Monday, 22—Thermometer from 28 to 34.

Barometer from 29, 73 to 29, 71.

Wind N. E. 4.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 23—Thermometer from 29 to 34.

Barometer from 29, 73 to 29, 75.

Wind N. and N. E. 0.—Morning cloudy; the rest of the day clear.

Wednesday, 24—Thermometer from 22 to 33.

Barometer from 29, 87 to 30, 0.

Wind N. by E. 4.—Generally clear till the evening, when it became cloudy.

Since Saturday the weather has been very seasonable, though sharp, freezing every day in the shade.

Most Thermometers have now a Reaumur's scale, graduated on the opposite side Fahrenheit's scale: But for those who have not and may wish to compare our Fahrenheit's scale with that generally used on the continent, this is the rule:

Subtract 32 from Fahrenheit's, and divide the remainder by 9. That quotient multiplied by 4, will give the degree of Reaumur.

And to reduce Reaumur's to our scale,

Multiply Reaumur's by 9, and divide that product by 4. To that quotient add 32, and it will give you the degree of Fahrenheit. Or 9 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, are equal to 4 degrees of Reaumur's scale.

December 25—Thursday.

Thermometer from 24 to 35.

Barometer from 30, 10 to 30, 20.

Wind N. and N. by W. 4.—Morning and noon cloudy, afternoon and evening clear.

Friday, 26—Thermometer from 25 to 35.

Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 31.

Wind N. and S. W. 0.—Quite clear the whole day.—The wind became S. W. about nine in the morning.

Saturday, 27—Thermometer from 24 to 39.

Barometer from 30, 02 to 29, 71.

Wind S. W. and S. by W. 2.—The fine frost of this week is going quickly with a warm S. W. wind. The dimness of the Stars last night foreboded this change; the rain must have fallen in a hasty shower this morning.

Sunday, 28—Thermometer from 33 to 38.

Barometer from 29, 79 to 30, 10.

Wind W. and N. W. 4.—A fine day, and frost returning.—Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

Monday, 29—Thermometer from 24 to 33.

Barometer from 30, 28 to 30, 32.

Wind N. W.—W. and S. W. 0.—Clear, the whole day.

Tuesday, 30—Thermometer from 24 to 41.

Barometer from 30, 19 to 30, 14.

Wind S. W. 4.—The early part of the morning fine.—The day generally overcast and wet.

Wednesday, 31—Thermometer from 23 to 33.

Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 22.

Wind N. by W. 8.—The day very fine.—A very thick fog at night.—Rain fallen, 1.5 of an inch. The highest of the Thermometer this last year was 85, the lowest 20.

The quantity of rain fallen is 20 inches and 9 tenths.

The driest month was April, and the wettest was May.

Latitude 51. 37. 33. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications not inserted within a reasonable period must be considered as rejected. We cannot reply to every individual Correspondent.

Bensley and Sons, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

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